

America today, one that is the most important, the most significant, one that has the largest relation to the future of republican institutions. For the city is the hope of democracy, and Tom Johnson is demonstrating that the people and not privilege are to rule in the American city. Very well; he comes to the Democratic national convention. Is his counsel sought, his advice asked? No; his own delegation turns him down, in hate, for national committeeman, and they punish him here, in a Democratic convention, for being a democrat, for being for the people. Had he gone on getting rich, had he served privilege, had he sold the people out, they probably would have wanted to nominate him for President. But he, and other fundamental democrats, lose here—and gloriously win. For they are released from this party to larger service in the nation. What makes all this possible? Who is responsible for the fact that the old guard of privilege can control both parties? Why, you, whoever you are, who cheer every time your party name is bawled, you who never look below the bird on your ballot, you who are with your party before everything else, you are what makes it possible, you are responsible.

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## LINCOLN STEFFENS ON THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

From Denver Correspondence of the Newspaper Enterprise Association.

Don't regret that you are not here. If you will open your imagination, you shall see it all bigger, clearer and much more truly than many of us who are on the ground. When I look out with my eyes open I see this mass of humanity as a lot of men; when I close my eyes, and think it out, I see what you can see: a foregathering in one spot in one city in one State of delegates from every nook and corner of all the cities and all the States in the United States. Isn't that a broader vision? And when I open my eyes again I see presiding upon the platform Theodore A. Bell, the temporary chairman. But, my friends, when I close my eyes, and look as you may look, with all the faculties God gave us to see the unseen withal, I see presiding over these delegates, not one man, but many men; not Mr. Bell, but—Public Opinion. Fear of the people dominates this convention; not love and not respect, but fear; the dread of you and me. There are delegates present who are of us and for us; there are more of such in Denver than there were in Chicago. But in the main, the delegates who sit down there in those little pens, are not delegates at all, but the creatures of the State bosses who rise when their State is called and vote them. And, sulking there, they echo their bosses, complaining, these machine-made dummies, of one-man domination. They say that Bryan bosses them, and so do many of the

correspondents. Bah! Bryan doesn't rule here. The reporters who keep saying that he does, and the caricaturists who repeatedly picture him in control at his telephone, they speak falsely; or they see superficially, with their physical eyes only. They don't see what you can see. They don't see what it means that the bosses of the delegates who follow the leader at Lincoln, curse and hate and plot against him. They don't recognize the difference between a boss ruling by force of organization and corruption, and a leader leading by force of that public opinion which is back of and which depends so pathetically upon Mr. Bryan.

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## THE DEMOCRACY OF WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

This Tribute and Prophecy from the Pen of C. E. S. Wood, of Portland, Oregon, Was Published in the Oregon Sunday Journal of July 29, 1906, Nearly Two Years Ago.

I have been asked to express my appreciation of Mr. Bryan. I state this in self-defense, because conscious of my inadequacy and lack of leisure, I would not have any one believe I volunteered, or that I do not realize how unsatisfactory this sketch will be. The fact is, one man's view of a public character is no better than another's, unless he has had especial opportunities for studying his subject, and to that I cannot pretend.

To his friends and in Nebraska politics Mr. Bryan was known as a true Democrat 20 years ago, and he was sent to Congress as a representative from Nebraska in 1891. But as a national, indeed as a world character, his career lies between an afternoon in the Democratic convention of 1896 at Chicago, when he was nominated for the Presidency in a burst of enthusiasm waked by his impassioned oratory; and a gray dawn in the Democratic convention at St. Louis in 1904, when for 40 minutes he held those fretful and impatient thousands silent while he made an almost prayerful entreaty to the majority in control not to betray the people.

The keynote to his power, his popularity, his political vitality, his success from every defeat, is that he is for the people—not to blind them, not to inflame them, not to use their passions as his stalking horse—but to help them, to serve them, not himself, to benefit generations unborn even more than the masses of today.

When the "Boy Orator" waked a frenzy, believed to be hysterical, with his, "You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns; you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold." he was appealing to a feeling eternal in the hearts of men—the feeling for justice, for equality. Underneath the hysteria or intoxication of the crowded hall was that same feeling which pervaded the whole country, that